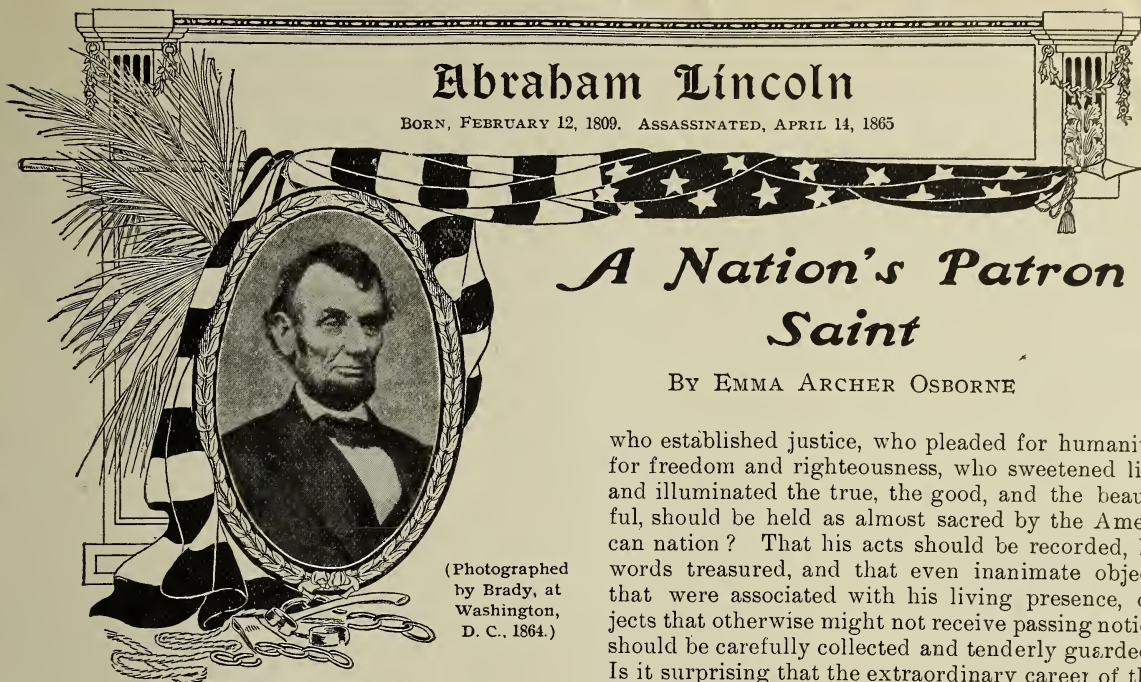


Abraham Lincoln

BORN, FEBRUARY 12, 1809. ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865

A Nation's Patron Saint

BY EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE



(Photographed by Brady, at Washington, D. C., 1864.)

HISTORY has its climaxes. Humanity, in its progress out of ignorance and oppression, has its upheavals and readjustments. Alert and waking, mighty forces fashion themselves for the coming outbreak. Conflicts between races arise and are subdued by great strife, and the world goes on.

In all such crises there is a potent power that rules. Convulsions produce new developments that require individuality to bring order out of chaos, a master guiding mind and soul, for it is the soul alone that understands the needs of the human race.

Such a power was Abraham Lincoln in the greatest convulsion of the United States, when man fought man for human liberty. Wrong was endured for years, rumbling at first, then muttering, then threatening, until the final outbreak came, and millions of lives hung in the balance, all looking to one man at Washington, the man with the soul and the heart.

The world will never forget the name of Lincoln—storm-enveloped, invincible, sublime Lincoln!—the liberator of four million human beings from the thralldom of slavery, who brought the nation wisely and well through the critical epoch of the Rebellion.

Neither will the world cease to sorrow for the dastardly act which cut off the noble life ere the first flush of triumphant glory had come within his grasp. The name of the martyred Lincoln stands out to-day in a halo of glory, and that glory will surround it for all future ages and centuries.

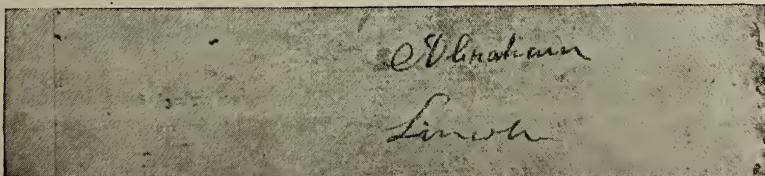
Is it to be wondered at that the name of the man

who established justice, who pleaded for humanity, for freedom and righteousness, who sweetened life, and illuminated the true, the good, and the beautiful, should be held as almost sacred by the American nation? That his acts should be recorded, his words treasured, and that even inanimate objects that were associated with his living presence, objects that otherwise might not receive passing notice, should be carefully collected and tenderly guarded? Is it surprising that the extraordinary career of this man who, as he said himself, was of the "humblest parentage," should have attracted attention as he emerged from the life of a Western farmer's son to fame and glory, who was successively a diligent seeker after knowledge, an eloquent and successful lawyer, an honored and trusted member of Congress, and finally the President of the United States?

As Abraham Lincoln's life was rounding out in its greatness, a lad in the Buckeye State who saw and felt the beautiful character of the man so prominently before the public, boy-like, set the name of Lincoln on a high pedestal, and made him his patron saint. He dwelt on the sayings of the coming man, and eagerly sought for published accounts of him or of objects that were in the least way connected with his life. These he treasured, for, instinctively, he had pinned his faith to Lincoln's reaching the highest position in the land some day.

The boy grew to manhood, and Lincoln became President. The nation was submerged in darkness and turmoil, and the days were long and weary for the noble soul at Washington. The Buckeye boy did his duty as a soldier through the long strife, and during the privations and anxieties of those weary years, his inspiration was his patron saint. The precious collection was not forgotten, but added to, gradually, in articles that were soon to become of inestimable value. Letters, dispatches, important documents relating to the exigencies of the time,

directly from Lincoln, were gathered, and records of the events into which his personality entered were carefully preserved.



His Signature

Written at the Age of Nine Years on the Front Cover of the Family Bible.
(The Date of its Publication is 1779.)

After the war, when the soldier went back to his commercial interests, the collection was continued.

Then the awful tragedy came on April 14, 1865, when the savior of the nation was shot down in Ford's Theater. The dying President was carried hastily to the house of a stranger across the street, the door of which was thrown open to receive him as soon as word was passed of the terrible affair.

By the strange machinations of destiny, the Buckeye boy—a man for many years now—is to-day, nearly thirty-eight years later, established, with his precious collection, now grown away and beyond that term, in the house in which the spirit of his patron saint left its mortal habitation.

At 516 Tenth Street, N. W., in Washington, there is a simple three-story and basement red brick house. A tablet on the railing of the high stoop bears the inscription, "Abraham Lincoln died in this house, twenty-two minutes past seven A. M., April 15, 1865." Going up a short flight of steps, one is at the door of the Lincoln National Museum.

This was the first building toward which The Memorial Association of the District of Columbia directed its attention after its formation for the purpose of preserving noteworthy houses of the Capital that had been made historic by association with the nation's great men. Congress made an appropriation for its purchase, and, in 1893, Captain O. H. Oldroyd was asked to place therein his valuable collection, which he had for ten years housed in the Lincoln homestead in Springfield, Ill. Congress has not, however, made any provision for its maintenance, and until such provision is made, a small admission is necessarily asked.

The collection is wonderful in its completeness.



The Chair in which President Lincoln was Seated when Shot.

becoming President were known, induced him to pursue his intention with untiring zeal, sparing not time, expense, nor physical endurance.

The hall is a veritable portrait gallery, hung with photographs, steel engravings, and prints, singly and in groups, of which Lincoln is always the central figure. There are two hundred and eighty-six portraits besides the groups.

From the hall one passes into a long, narrow, rather small room. This is the room to which the President was carried on the night of the assassination, and where he died the next morning. The furniture has been removed, and it is now devoted to museum uses, but one is impressed always with the scene that was enacted in that little room when the great Lincoln lay dying, and the men who were so closely associated with him watched by his bedside. Among them were his son, Robert Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Charles Sumner, Secretary Hay, General Halleck, Surgeon-General Barnes, and General Meigs.

The other rooms of the house, principally the parlors, and a large addition in the rear of the building, contain hundreds of interesting relics. In the entire collection there are over three thousand articles, and it is one of the most interesting and valuable ever collected in memory of a human being. There are two hundred and fifty funeral sermons, one thousand biographies of Lincoln, histories of slavery, the Civil War, and works relating to the martyred President. There are three hundred and twenty-five newspapers, dating from 1843 to 1865, containing his speeches, elections, war papers, and accounts of his death and burial. Two hundred and twenty-seven original autographic tributes—reminiscences from prominent men upon his life and character; sixty-five photographs and illustrations of Ford's Theater, of the conspirators, and of their trial and execution; twenty-four specimens of United States fractional currency issued during the administration of Lincoln; twenty-seven busts, statuettes, and life masks; eleven autograph letters and documents; fifteen books and miscellaneous articles once the property of Lincoln; thir-

If the National Government had authorized a diligent search for things commemorative of the life of Lincoln, a corps of workers could not have done better than this one man, whose life-long admiration for Lincoln, which commenced long before the possibilities of his be-



Ford's Theater, Where the Tragedy Occurred.

(Tenth Street, between E and F Streets.)

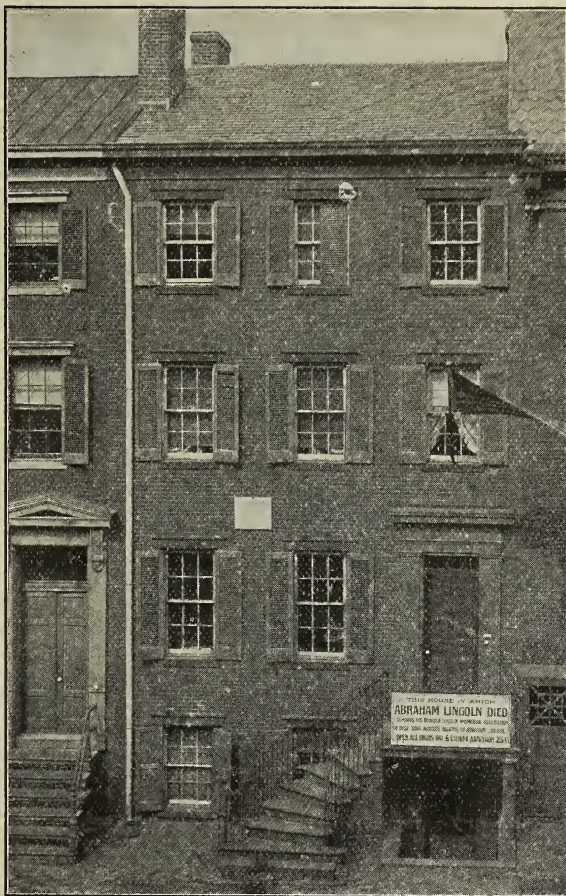
teen pieces of furniture from the Lincoln homestead at Springfield. The silk flag which draped the box in which the Presidential party was seated when the President was shot; also the spur which was on Booth's boot, and which caught in the flag as he jumped from the box, causing him to fall and break his leg. The rent tells its story.

There is the family Bible, over a hundred years old, out of which Lincoln's mother read to him when a young boy, the cover of which still shows his name, written by him when he was nine years old. The cradle in which the Lincoln children were rocked, and the last cooking stove Mrs. Lincoln used before she went to live in Washington as the first lady of the land, are homely but expressive objects of domestic life.

The chairs are of rare interest; one, a black mahogany, upholstered in haircloth, is the chair in which the President was sitting when shot; the other, a plain, wooden object, cheap but substantial, is the one used by Lincoln in his law office in Springfield when elected President in 1860. He occupied this chair when he formed his first Cabinet and drafted his first inaugural address before leaving for Washington.

Other articles of value are a corrected draft of the Gettysburg speech, original photographs of Mrs. Lincoln and members of the Lincoln family, the "Proclamation of Freedom," dated January 1, 1863, a large photograph of the log cabin built by Lincoln and his father at Goose Neck Prairie. It was in this cabin that Lincoln's father died, and there his stepmother lived when she heard of Lincoln's election as President of the United States.

Many precious things are enclosed in glass cases, but the visitor of the present day is indeed fortunate to be permitted to inspect them at close range, and to hear from Mr. Oldroyd the in-



Abraham Lincoln Died in this House

516 Tenth Street, 22 minutes past 7 A. M., April 15, 1865.
Now used as a Memorial Museum.

teresting stories connected with them.

It would take volumes to describe the articles contained in the vast collection. Nothing short of a personal visit could make sufficiently comprehensive the relics and mementoes contained in the Lincoln Museum. Only a few have been mentioned to show its remarkable completeness and value. These things are doubly valuable, too, owing to the fact that most of the Lincoln family possessions were destroyed in the Chicago fire.

How would a similar memorial collection of Shakespeare, of Savonarola, of Voltaire, of Raphael, or of the great Washington, be thought of to-day? How lacking are the Washingtonian collections in documents, records, and publications—particularly authentic illustrations! With the growing fame of Lincoln, these mute objects which speak volumes of the life of him who is now the nation's patron saint, will be of inesti-

mable value before another half-century rolls by.

What a noble tribute to the name of Lincoln would a great temple in the capital city be, which might more securely preserve, for time immeasurable, this valuable and precious collection!

The work of the collector, Mr. O. H. Oldroyd, has been purely a labor of love and adoration. He receives no recompense; neither has the nation yet assured him that he will receive its support in the time when his days of activity in adding to the museum will be over. The Memorial Association of the District of Columbia is making a strenuous effort to induce Congress to purchase Mr. Oldroyd's collection, in order that it may be placed on free exhibition, and a suitable appropriation made to recompense him for his faithful and laudable undertaking. The building is owned by the Government, and it is only a matter of negligence on the part of Congress in not passing a bill for an appropriation.



An Interesting Relic.

The Journal of a London Woman



ATURDAY.—“The rain it raineth every day,” to quote Shakespeare and aptly describe the weather we have been treated to during the past week.

Thank goodness, we have not had fogs thrown in as well. That real trial has been spared us. However, in town, one can manage to amuse oneself in spite of the elements, and last

night I spent a rather pleasant evening. We dined at Dieudonné's, Editha, I, and two men. Even the misanthrope who declares the fashion of giving dinner-parties a relic of barbarism—I feel sure he was suffering from an acute attack of indigestion at the time—must allow that in our modern restaurants the savage element is remarkably well disguised, the original animal entirely losing its identity in the hands of a skillful *chef*. It is marvelous how, in all matters of taste, Paris has French-polished the world.

The *cuisine* at Dieudonné's is excellent, and the dining-room not too large. I abhor a crowd. It is charmingly decorated with panels, hand painted in oils, with scenes representing beaux and belles of the becoming days of powder and patches. The ceiling shows laughing Cupids, playing Bopeep behind fleecy clouds. Our table displayed a branching flower-stand of frosted silver, filled with fragrant pink and crimson roses, and quantities of foliage, amid which concealed electric lights glowed like so many big fireflies. The *ménu* was especially selected by our host, and consisted of:

Hors d Oeuvre Variés
Consommé Royale
Filet de Sole Amiral
Ris de Veau Régence
Chateaubriand
Pommes Mascotte
Faisan Casserole
Coeur de Laitue
Haricots Verts
Bombe Pralinée
Friandises
Macedoine de Fruits
Champagne Café Noir Green Chartreuse

At the table nearest ours was a gown that persuaded me a plain toilette, if elegant, is infinitely more effective than a mass of costly elaboration. It was entirely composed of black chenille fringe, over an invisible foundation of silk canvas, strong but light. The skirt had the fringe arranged to form V's behind and before, and the low-necked bodice had a deep, pointed berth of chenille, the sole relief consisting of a narrow band of velvet about the décolletage, sewn with glittering green beetle wings. The wearer was a beautiful woman, with a clear, pale complexion, and masses of dusky fair hair, in

which she wore a crescent of emeralds fastened above the left temple.

If her frock were severe, her opera coat was truly sumptuous. Fashioned from white mirror velvet, it bore big orchids of ermine around the hem, the foliage being of chenille, touched with gold, the pointed cape collar consisting of ermine, caught at the throat with ermine tails, and ends of ribbon velvet, terminating in monster tassels of chenille and gold, while the novel sleeves were cut up from the edge of the wrap, allowing a glimpse of the skirt beneath, and a lining of white satin, softened with numerous frills of chiffon and lace. I was just wondering, as one will at seeing a face that interests one, what relationship, and what sympathy could exist between *ma belle inconnue* and the dark, saturnine man beside her, when my attention was claimed by my companion. There are occasions when interruptions are angels in disguise, but I did not find it so in this instance.

Editha had fallen to the share of our host, a quiet, reserved man, who allowed her to eat her dinner in peace. I was not so fortunate. Mr. de Latouche-Jones delights in hearing himself talk, and falls into the error of believing other people share his views on the subject. Personally, I do not. Doubtless my lack of appreciation, did it ever reach his ears, would prove subtlest flattery. He would feel persuaded I was incapable of comprehending so lofty an intellect. He is busy writing, or rather, dictating, a novel. It is to be of immense length and revolutionize society. I suggested it would be a pity to make it too long, as, in this age of rush, we might not find time to read to the end. We like everything condensed and pre-digested. The remark moved him to a contemptuous smile. He condescended to be amused. Was I not a woman, and was not that ample excuse for any amount of idiotic inanity?

Suddenly he caught sight of a lord with whom he had a bowing acquaintance. Instantly he became very much excited. Mr. de Latouche-Jones is a place-hunter. Moreover, he betrays the fact, which is a mistake. His acquaintances he uses as stepping stones, dropping them so soon as they have served his turn. This is hardly wise on the part of so clever a young man. Experience, would he deign to learn from the world-old teacher, should have warned him that people who have attained to a certain eminence, social or otherwise, by dint of climbing, and who forget the ladder behind them, are apt to fall backward precipitately.

SUNDAY.—I had made up my mind to obey the Fourth Commandment to the letter, and be deliciously idle all day. Accordingly, I installed myself in a luxurious armchair, close to the hearth. Each winter I change my religion and become an ardent fire-worshiper. My prayer-book was Anthony Hope's last novel. It is very odd, but I never determine upon any course of action, or, as in this case, inaction, but something happens to make me do the exact opposite to what I had planned. At